



"PAY! PAY! PAY!"

Mr. Punch. "DON'T FORGET, JOHN, THAT THOSE WHO SHOUT LOUD MUST PAY IN PROPORTION. YOU HAVE DONE WELL—DON'T STOP TILL YOU DO BETTER."

[H.R.H. the Princess of WALES appeals for further subscriptions to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. "I earnestly appeal for help to enable us to keep these homes (soldiers' and sailors') together until the bread-winners return."]

#### CUM GRANO SALIS.

(A Cure for the New Century.)

[According to the *Daily Mail* of Dec. 27, Professor LOEB and Dr. LINGLE, Physiologists at the University of Chicago, have discovered that common salt preserves the human organisation in life as it does pork in packing-houses. They assert that salt not only keeps the heart in action, but may cause it to beat again after pulsation has ceased. As a result of sensational newspaper reports, the new salt treatment threatens to become a craze all over the country.]

'CUTE LOEB and LINGLE

(What odd names to mingle!)

Have made our ears tingle

With news that they've found the Elixir of Life!

Yes, LINGLE and LOEB  
Say there's to be no ebb  
Of bodily force where their treatment is rife.

The despair of the sages,  
The riddle of ages  
To-day in the pages  
Of half-penny papers is solved in a trice:  
"With chloride of sodium  
The tedium and odium  
Of Age you'll postpone," is their latest  
advice!

Like sea-cooks or skippers,  
They say, turn your "nippers"  
And small-fry to kippers,  
And then little "pickles" will grow up  
"old salts"!

Thus well marinated  
And briny, they're aided  
To keep the right side of their family  
vaults.

This vision romantic  
Comes o'er the Atlantic  
Where feats are gigantic,  
And freaks are colossal and yarns pretty  
tall;  
As I don't wish to rival  
Old Parr in survival,  
This pork-cure cum grano I'll take after  
all. A. A. S.

#### TWELFTH NIGHT.

Oh, day that is old as the ages,  
Whose standing is that of the hills,  
Initial of so many pages,  
And herald of so many ills!  
Your garners are stored with profusion,  
Of secrets I spoke in your ear,  
Resolves that were put to confusion,  
Before we had quartered the year.

No longer I make a profession  
Of what my intentions may be,  
No more penitential confession  
Can e'er be extracted from me.  
I shall probably make a selection  
Of follies, in which will appear  
Not a few that made up my collection  
Which noted the outgoing year.

No—nothing shall mark with distinction,  
The day which the almanack claims,  
As the sign of the total extinction  
Of a century given to flames.  
Resolve and reform! I am weary  
Of such—they have cost me so dear,  
And everything's faded and dreary,  
And nothing is new but the year!

#### THE MAGIC WORD.

"SPEAK not of love," she cried, and then  
As if too coldly she had spoken,  
She smiled bewitchingly again—  
Which I took for a lover's token.

Speak not of love! I sighed; and she  
My gentle suspiration noting,  
Grew sad in sympathy to see  
A lover so forlorn and doting.

Speak not of love! Oh, punishment  
Condign! I pleaded hard for mercy,  
But firm of will, of fixed intent,  
She softly murmured: "No, no, PERCY,

"Speak not of love—oh, lay not bare  
Your treasury of sighs unduly;  
Not cold am I, or hard, I swear,  
But, oh—I cannot listen, truly.

"Speak not of love—no magic 's in  
The word—no charm; so please leave off.  
If my affection you would win,  
Why—speak unceasingly of—Golf!"

THE RIGHT SORT OF BEER FOR THE  
TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Double X.

## 'VARSITY VERSES.

## OXFORD ODES.

## I.

WHEN the slug-a-beds are dozing—  
If I'm not myself reposing  
I've an infinite contempt for those that are—  
Sweet to steal by Magdalen tower  
At the unaccustomed hour  
When the rosy-fingered dawn is on the Cher.\*

When my tutor fond supposes  
I am writing Latin proses  
Or intent upon my studies for the Bar,  
I resist the bland seductions  
Of tutorial instructions,  
And I paddle my Canader up the Cher.

Sweet to dream of the existence—  
At a comfortable distance—  
Of his lectures; sweet to kindle a cigar,  
And to dally with *Pendennis*,  
Or perhaps the *Stones of Venice*,  
As I float upon the bosom of the Cher.

Strange to wonder what temptations  
Men can find in Moderations.  
What's a First? Would any place it on a par  
With this *dolce far niente*  
When one's special sweet-and-twenty  
Is enshrined in one's Canader on the Cher?

As for 'Varsities, *cui bono*?  
For the dons' and tutors'? Oh, no!  
For the scouts'? Perhaps. But I would rather far  
Think the object of a college  
Was to cultivate a knowledge  
Of the subtle fascinations of the Cher.

\* The Cherwell is a sluggish tributary of the Thames much frequented by wasters, who prefer its "cultivated leisure" to the "gratuitous exertion" of the Isis.

## THE STRANGE CASE OF GENERAL COLVILLE.

F.-M. PUNCH having at heart the true interests of the Army, based as they largely are upon justice to officers and men, has been looking into the case of General Sir HENRY COLVILLE. Avoiding controversy, sticking closely to facts, as is the F.-M.'s manner, it may be briefly stated:

On the 20th of May, General COLVILLE, in command of a division of the Army in South Africa, was ordered by Lord ROBERTS to march to Heilbron, reaching that point on the 29th. Fighting his way through Lindley he, when half-way between that place and his destination, received a message from Colonel SPRAGGE, in command of 500 Yeomanry, asking for help. General COLVILLE had his orders to be in Heilbron on a particular day. He had reason to believe his march was part of a concerted movement, which would be balked if he did not turn up on the appointed date. Rightly or wrongly, he continued his march, and the Yeomanry, overpowered by numbers, surrendered to the Boers. The circumstances of the case being considered by the Army Board of the War Office, General COLVILLE was permitted to resume his command at Gibraltar.

Up to this point it is all plain marching. Now we turn into Queer Street. In accordance with instructions from the War Office, General COLVILLE on the 1st of October resumed his command at Gibraltar. On the 21st of December there reached him a sort of Christmas card from Sir EVELYN WOOD, informing him that Mr. BRODRICK—who, in the meantime, had succeeded Lord LANSDOWNE at the War Office—held him responsible for the Lindley affair, and dismissed him from his command.

What F.-M. Punch wants to know is what happened between 1st of October and 21st of December to compel this reversal of decision taken by Lord LANSDOWNE, acting upon the finding of the Army Board? Had fresh evidence been brought to light? If so, was it communicated to the accused, and opportunity afforded him of rebutting it? General COLVILLE, in his published statement, says no such opportunity was offered to him.

A telegram from Capetown states that, subsequent to the War Office enquiry, Colonel SPRAGGE submitted to the authorities a telegram which reached him on the 23rd of May. It was dated from Lindley, and purported to be from General COLVILLE, urging him to hurry up to his men to Lindley as fast as possible. If this telegram were genuine and General COLVILLE, having summoned the Yeomanry to strengthen his command, had left them in the lurch, he deserves the professional ruin with which he is threatened. But there is a little fact that upsets this argument. Colonel SPRAGGE received the Lindley telegram on the 23rd of May, and General COLVILLE did not reach Lindley till the 26th. The slim Boer may be able to explain this mystery. Certainly General COLVILLE did not send the telegram; had not, indeed, heard of Colonel SPRAGGE till, on the morning of the 28th, he received his appeal for help.

These are the uncontested facts. F.-M. Punch makes no remark upon them beyond the obvious one, that for the honour of the Army and the credit of the War Office the matter cannot be allowed to rest where the Secretary of State's dismissal of General COLVILLE leaves it.



## A PETTY FOGGER.

(By a Misanthropist.)

SOME of us like the sunshine, some of us like the rain,  
Some of us love the moonlight, some of us love the main;  
These are fancies that our brain-wheels set ever and aye agog,  
But consistently and perfectly give me a London fog!  
'Twas meant for a fellow morose, with a visage grim and dour  
And a voice acidulated as an unripe lemon's sour,  
With a rind that can match its denseness in the thickness of  
Never-be,  
And a kind of a lost intensesness in the Kingdom of Never-see.  
What matters to me the howling of the destitute drunken dog  
Who has lost his way in the noisome spray that distills this  
London fog;

His yells are to me the sweeter because I am left alone,  
And the castaway cannot venture to dispute with me my bone;  
I rejoice when Londoners flounder in a sort of Serbonian bog.  
I'm a brute and beast inhuman, but I do love a London fog!



SIR JOHN AIRD, BART.—The New Century has commenced well with the bestowal of a Baronetcy upon the Member for Paddington. There are few busier or better men in the land than JOHN AIRD. Amongst the important public works he has carried out at home and abroad, his hustling of old Father NILE, compelling him to evenly distribute his favours over thirsty Egypt, will, when completed, rank highest. But he always had a winning way with water, as is shown by the Staines Reservoir, and the new Docks at Southampton. We ought to have Aird of this recognition before. But it's never too late to be a Baronet.



### "W. STANDS FOR WIRE."

"HULLOAH, JARGE! BEEN PUTTIN' UP SOME WIRE TO KEEP THE FOX-HUNTERS AWAY!"

"NOA, I E'AIN'T PUT UP NO WIRE; BUT THE 'UNT THEY SENDS ME A LOT O' THEM BOARDS WITH 'W.' ON UM, SO I JUST STUCK 'EM UP ALL ROUND THE LAND, AND THEY NEVER COMES NIGH O' ME NOW!"

### THE DOMESTIC DODO.

(A dialogue of to-day.)

"OH, I dare not listen. I must not." The young girl rose, and went softly towards the window.

"Then you have no—hope to give me?" he said, bending over the chintz cover of the sofa.

CLARICE CONFITURE cast a look full of pity on the young man.

"You must not think I have not seen your—love. You must not believe me indifferent—"

"Ah!"

"But . . . we can never be married."

The man groaned. "I was a fool to suppose it could be otherwise," he said.

The girl did not answer.

"Some other man—luckier than I—"

"No, no. Do not say that," she half-pleaded. "I love no other."

"And yet you will not marry me?"

The girl shook her head. "Oh, if it were possible!"

"Is it anything I have said or done? Do not let some passing whim, some aery fancy keep us apart when a moment's explanation—"

"It is not that."

The man pondered. "I have often spoken of a flat near the Park, of a light dog-cart with yellow wheels—and—and of a French bull-dog—"

"I should love them all—all!"

"Did I exaggerate in any degree the felicity of conjugal life?"

"No, no. But—" the girl shuddered.

"My reputation?" urged the man.

"Beyond reproach. I know—I know. Oh, if I only had the courage. I ought to be very happy—to feel the luckiest girl on earth. The love of a good man, the life of ease and contentment—everything a girl could wish for—except—"

"Except—"

"A SERVANT. Now you see what you are asking me. Love, wealth, luxury; what are all these to the awful horrors of beginning life together in a town-flat without a servant?"

"But surely—" began he.

"Like the Dodo," interrupted Miss CONFITURE, "the domestic servant is extinct."

The man bowed his head in token of submission, and went out.

### TO THE SUN.

THE day I looked upon your face  
(Ah me! the years have passed away!)  
Will hold memorial pride of place  
Until my bones are turned to clay.  
I loved you then, I love you now,  
And, hopeless as that love must be,  
I cannot manage anyhow  
To break the spell that's over me.

I love the tales men put about  
Of how you shone when Spring had come,  
And though I've learnt their words to doubt,

I would not that they had been dumb.  
For though a lover lose his quest,  
He loves to dwell on every graco  
(And hear them by the world confessed)  
That charmed him in his lady's face.

No mad proposal dare I make,  
No wild request that you should shine  
Upon my life. I sadly take  
The hopeless lover's lot as mine.  
But ah, I pray on bended knee,  
One instant from your pride desist,  
Unveil your face for me to see,  
That I may know you still exist.



# THE BLANK FILE.

BY MAJOR W. P. DRURY.

A zig-zag of steel-blue fire licked out from the inky cloud above Yes Tor, and Mr. PAGETT and I involuntarily withdrew from the red-curtained lattices whence we had been watching the storm's approach.

"A flash o' lightnin'," he began, "always 'minds me—"

It was the formula with which my host, the ex-Private of Marines, invariably began the narration of his very moving experiences by flood and field, though in this instance its conclusion was lost in the thunderclap which shook the "Coach and Horses" to its ancient granite foundations. As the muttering echoes died among the Dartmoor gorges I called to mind the tattered *Pilgrim's Progress* on the best parlour table, the green and yellow lizard on the sunlit garden wall, the village doctor at his surgery door, and a dozen unconsidered trifles which had furnished a great artist with material for his finest masterpieces. Thrusting my tobacco pouch into the artist's hands, I drew a couple of high-backed chairs before the fire, and—with reference to certain arrangements upon the table—requested him to say "when."

He said it on the instant, and before the golden fluid in the lower half of the tumbler had grown appreciably paler. Then, having assured himself that the blessed miller, as he expressed it, had not been drowned, he plunged with military directness into the strange narrative which it is my privilege to make public.

"It so 'appened," he began, "that on a certain red 'ot night about 'alf a dozen years back I was employed by Her Majesty on 'ighly responsible and very 'arassin' dooty at a spot some ten thousand miles south-east o' Plymouth Sound. The spot was the 'arbour of Batavia, in the great Dutch island o' Java: and the dooty—which was that of cabin-door sentry aboard the second-class cruiser *Dook o' York*—was 'arassin' by reason o' the heat, and more than usually responsible on account of the Dutch adm'ral dinin' that evenin' with our skipper. Ever since I first saw Queen WILLYMINOR's pretty face on a ha'penny box o' matches I've always thought that, next to bein' a British Marine, I'd like to be a Dutch one: and it pleased me to think that one of her adm'rals was, in a manner o' speakin', eatin' his dinner under the charge of Private PAGETT."

My gallant host glanced sentimentally at a coloured print of the young Queen of Holland which, in company with one of his lawful sovereign, adorned the overmantel of the best parlour. But a buxom lady in the bar happening at that moment to glance through the glass partition in our direction, he hastily shifted his gaze to the fire and continued the story.

"Although the conversation at the dinner-table was in English, for the first hour or so I could pick up nothing worth repeatin' on the lower deck. In spite o' the champagne wine they were strikin' down by the quart, the talk was as 'eavy to listen to as the *Times* noospaper is to read. But no sooner 'ad the Dutch adm'ral got a cigar between his teeth than he began to grow confidential, and after a bit he told our skipper a piece o' noos that I'll lay to it he'd 'ave given a year's sea wages in the mornin' to recall. As for me, I knocked off that ridic'ulous farce of walkin' my post in a soldierlike manner, and stood stric'ly at ease as near the open cabin door as possible, in order that when I was relieved my messmates might 'ave the benefit o' the noos as well.

"'Latitood nine, thirteen south,' the adm'ral was sayin', 'and longitood one 'undred an' four east. It was reborted to me this mornin' by the captain of a—how say you?—ja, tramp. Four 'undred miles sou'-west of Sunda Straits he was when he passed the islant. Yet no islant at all, my frient, is shown in that bart o' the ocean on your Adm'rality jarts!"

"'I'll back our Adm'rality charts, all the same,' says the skipper, 'ufylike, 'against the diseased imagination of a tipsy-

maniac master of a tramp! I don't believe in that there island,' he says, 'no more than I believe in the man in the moon.'

"'Nevertheless,' says the Dutchman, risin' with onsteady dignity from the table, 'to-morrow I go to annegs it in the name o' WILLYMINOR, by the grace of God Queen o' the Netherlands.'

"'I wish Her Majesty joy of her noo possession,' says our skipper sarcastically, bowin' his guest up the after ladder. 'By the way, what did you say its position was on the chart?'

"'My dear frient,' says the adm'ral, steppin' into his barge, 'what can it madder, since it only exists in the deceased imagination of a dabsymaniac?' At which the skipper swore very softly to himself.

"A few minutes after returnin' to his cabin, 'owever, he rang the bell.

"'Sir?' says I, answerin' it.

"'Take these orders,' says he, 'to the first lieutenant and chief engineer; and with that he turns in.

"Then there was more soft swearin'—from the wardroom an' lower-deck messes this time. For the orders to the first lieutenant were to unmoor and be ready for sea by day-light, while the chief engineer was to 'ave steam for ten knots by the same hour. Which meant that at least two-thirds o' the ship's comp'ny 'ad to put off their Toosday night's rest till the followin' Sunday afternoon.

"Under the mistaken impression that we were 'omeward bound, the band o' the Dutch flagship played us out of 'arbour next mornin' to the toon of '*Beautiful Isle o' the Sea*.' But it was a younger isle than old England we were bound for; and, as soon as we 'ad crawled out o' sight, instead of keepin' on our course for Signapore the 'elm was jammed 'ard a-star-board, the injin-room telegraph set at 'full speed ahead,' and in a few hours we were racin' at ten an' a quarter knots through the Straits o' Sunda towards the Indian Ocean. When we reached the open, the skipper put the ship on a sou'-westerly course, and—sent for me."

"For you?"

"Not for the First Lord o' the Adm'rality," explained Mr. PAGETT wearily, "but for me. 'You 'ad the first watch on the cabin door last night?' says the skipper. 'I 'ad,' says I. 'I misremember,' he says, lookin' me 'ard in the face, 'the exac' longitood and latitood o' that there island.' 'Nine, thirteen south,' says I, 'by one 'undred and four east.' 'Ow do you know?' he asks. 'I wrote it down on the aft-deck paintwork,' I says, 'with my trigger finger.' I says, 'dipped in some corfy your stooard was carryin' into the cabin at the time.' 'Then you'll probably get fourteen days from the first lieutenant,' he says, 'for spoilin' his paint, and fourteen more from me for listenin' to international confrences. Now you can go.'

"But when in the dawn two days afterwards the island lay right athwart our course, the skipper sends for me on the fore bridge and gives me the lance stripe instead. It was afterwards took from me, you may recollect, for lettin' the jib sheet jam when Lieutenant PRINGLE was sailin' that there train across the Isthmus o' Paria in Venezuela.

"Now, if the Dutch adm'ral 'ad seen that forsaken island, maybe he wouldn't 'ave talked so big about annexin' it for Queen WILLYMINOR, God bless her! It was no sort of present for a lady—let alone a Queen, bein' nothin' but a flat, irreg'lar patch of rock an' shingle about 'alf a mile long, and lookin' like an inkstain in the middle of a blue silk tablecloth."

"I suppose you went back again," I hazarded, seeing that he paused.

"If you suppose the ship and everybody in her but the Marines," rejoined Mr. PAGETT moodily, "you suppose right. In order to make the Dutch adm'ral swear on his arrival, the skipper caused the entire detachment, from me an' Lieutenant JANNAWAY down to the drummer, to parade in our best scarlet toonies, and then landed us as a 'garrison of occupation.' We



### THE BENEVOLENT CODFISH.

Newfoundland Talking Cod (addressing the two fisher-girls France and England). "LOOK HERE, MY DEARS, DO DISCUSS ME IN A FRIENDLY WAY. IT WOULD GIVE ME SUCH PLEASURE TO BE THE MEANS OF BRINGING YOU BOTH TOGETHER!"

"An understanding is necessary. The whole question is to find a *quid pro quo* which would fully compensate France both for the material value of her rights and for the moral value of so friendly a concession."—Extract from "*Le Temps*," quoted by "*The Times*" January 1, 1901.

took with us a large mining marquee for the men, a couple o' bell tents for Lieutenant JANNAWAY an' the colour-sergeant, our arms an' accoutrements, a week's rations, and the tallest spar and biggest Union Jack we 'ad in the ship. After hoistin' the colours with his own 'and an' proclaimin' the island part o' the British Empire, the Marines presented arms, and the skipper returned on board: and an hour later the *Dook o' York* was 'ull down on the north-eastern 'orizon.

"We pitched the tents, laid out our beddin', cleaned our arms an' accoutrements, cooked and 'ad our dinners, lit our pipes, and lay down in the shade till evenin'. Then JANNAWAY, who was a born Marine and would 'ave 'arassed pore castaways upon a raft, ordered us to fall in for drill.

"The ground mightn't 'ave been as smooth as the parade in Plymouth barracks, but it was certainly roomier than the *Dook's* quarter-deck. Besides, Marines ain't like common soldiers. It makes no diff'rence to them whether they drill in a stonemason's yard or in a gale o' wind at sea. Therefore there seemed no sort of excuse for the shufflin' and jostlin' that went on in the ranks as soon as we were on the move. Presently JANNAWAY 'alts us.

"What the blazes is the matter with you?" he says. "One would think you were a pack of infants out of a kindergarten, instead of long-service infantry o' the line. The left 'alf comp'ny's disgraceful," he says, "and I b'lieve the fourth section's drunk. The comp'ny will advance—by the left—quick march!"

"The nex' minute the left-'and man but two trips, and the 'ole of the fourth section loses the step.

"Take that man's name, Colour-Sergeant," says JANNAWAY.

"Beg pardon, Sir," says the indignant soldier, "but my rear-rank man's done nothin' but tread on my 'eels ever since the blessed drill began."

"Don't talk to me, Sir!" roars JANNAWAY. "You can check him as well, Colour-Sergeant, for tellin' me a lie. It's the first time," he says sarcastically, "that I've 'eard of a rear-rank man in a blank file!"

"Now, as everyone knows, when there 's an odd number o' men in a comp'ny, the left-'and file but two is called the blank file, because there 's a gap at that point in the rear rank. In other words, the front-rank man has got no one be'ind him. The comp'ny sniggered, and the man himself looked foolish; so JANNAWAY, to give him a chance, shifted him to the right o' the rear rank, and the drill continued.

"Three minutes later the noo front-rank man, with a scared look on his face, steps out o' the ranks and requests to be made a pris'ner.

"What the devil for?" asks JANNAWAY.

"Because," says the man, through his chatterin' teeth, "it gives me the 'orrors every time I turn about to run agin somebody I can't see!"

"I'll 'ave a double sentry posted on the rum cask," says JANNAWAY, always suspicious of us pore soldiers. "The nex' man as says the blank file's complete will 'ave a crime made out against him."

"He broke up the detachment, reformed and numbered it, and went on with the drill. But it wasn't a bit o' good. In spite of Mr. JANNAWAY the blank file was complete. There was always Someone marchin' in that vacant place in the left 'alf comp'ny, and the left 'alf comp'ny didn't like it. After a bit they began to panic, and the panic spread to the right 'alf, so that JANNAWAY, with many crool words, was presently forced to dismiss us.

"The records of the great Sea Regiment," continued Mr. PAGETT, with apparent irrelevance, "go back, as you well know, more than two 'undred and thirty years, and they form an unbroken tale of the most splendid valour in every quarter o' the globe. Not even a loss of fifty per cent. o' their numbers 'ave stopped the Marines from capturin' a position, and they 'ave gone to the bottom standin' with unbroken ranks upon the quarterdeck. But even Marines are sometimes seized with

panic, and after that drill we raced back to the minin' tent as though the devil himself 'ad been at our 'eels. We would 'ave fought a dozen Dutch flagships with pleasure, but that bloomin' blank file was a bit too much for our nerves."

So shattered were Mr. PAGETT's nerves, even after the lapse of six years, that for several minutes he was entirely unconscious that the tumbler he held midway to his mouth was empty: nor, on my hastening to atone for my forgetfulness, did he remember to say "when" until the whiskey had reached the top of the pretty. His omission to add any water was possibly but another proof that the great man's thoughts were ten thousand miles away from his beloved "Coach and Horses."

"I ask you," he resumed, after staring at the fire in silence for several minutes, "to consider the sitooation. Three an' thirty pore marooned soldiers—countin' me, an' JANNAWAY, an' the colour-sergeant—jostlin' each other on a pin's 'ead of rock in the most deserted part o' the Indian Ocean. Night comin' on, and in our ranks a blank file there was no accountin' for, and which, by all the rules o' squad drill, didn't ought to 'ave been there. And now, in the wake o' the blank file, 'ad come another 'orror called blue funk: and all this, if you please, in order to make a Dutch adm'ral swear! It made us swear, and you may lay to it: for it was 'ard, crool 'ard, on the most deservin' body o' men in Her Majesty's reg'lar forces."

Mr. PAGETT passed his left hand over his eyes while his right sought the newly replenished tumbler. After a gallant effort to control his emotion, he set the glass resolutely upon the table, and continued.

"At two bells in the first watch Mr. JANNAWAY, who would 'ave carried out routine if he'd been ROBINSON CRUSOE, ordered the bugler to sound 'Out lights!' and after we'd all turned in, he went the rounds with the colour-sergeant. Everything being correct, they also retired to their respective tents: and for some time nothin' broke the oppressive silence but the foot-steps o' the sentry outside.

"The first thing that 'appened was the rattle of his rifle an' baynit as he come down to the charge, and his challenge 'Alt! Who goes there?' Now, seein' that every soul on the island but the sentry himself was in bed, we all sat up on our blankets to 'ear the reply. But none came: so after a minute or more the sentry resumed his walk, and we in the minin' tent lay down again.

"Before long the thing was repeated, after which it went on at intervals of about two minutes, but with never a reply to the challenges. The fifth brought Mr. JANNAWAY to the door of his tent, and he was in a doose of a rage, you may lay to it.

"When that militiaman's finished challengin' his own shadow," he sings out, 'p'r'aps he'll recollect' that all the inhabitants of this pop'lous island are in bed, and want to go to sleep!"

"Then for the first time in our joint existence," says the sentry, his voice shakin' with the tropical cold, "me and my shadow 'ave parted comp'ny. It's just gone into the minin' tent!" he says.

"In less than a brace o' shakes the 'ole thirty of us were outside the tent in our shirts, which so upset the sentry that he drops his rifle and starts shinnin' up the jackstaff, greatcoat an' all.

"Come down out o' that, you grey ape," roars JANNAWAY, "before I bring you down with my revolver. As for the rest o' you," he says, "if you ain't back in your beds in one minute, I'll 'ave you all tried for mutiny as soon as we get back to the ship. To think," he says, "that a detachment o' Royal Marines should be turned into a flock o' silly sheep by a sentry with a touch o' sunstroke!"

"Then he orders the sentry to be relieved and kep' under observation in the colour-sergeant's tent as a criminal loonatic: and we guessed that the colour-sergeant would prefer the comp'ny of a criminal loonatic to bein' left by hisself in the dark."

(To be continued.)



## A LETTER TO A YOUNG PUBLISHER.

SINCE, my dear JONES, you are good enough to ask for my advice, need I say that your success in business will depend chiefly upon judicious advertisement? You are bringing out, I understand, a thrilling story of domestic life, entitled *Maria's Marriage*. Already, I am glad to learn, you have caused a paragraph to appear in the literary journals contradicting "the widespread report that Mr. KIPLING and the German EMPEROR have collaborated in the production of this novel, the appearance of which is awaited with such extraordinary interest." And you have induced a number of papers to give prominence to the fact that Mr. PENWIPER dines daily off curry and clotted cream. So far, so good. Your next step will be to send out review-copies, together with ready-made laudatory criticisms; in order, as you will explain, to save the hardworked reviewers trouble. But, you will say, supposing this ingenious device to fail? Supposing *Maria's Marriage* to be universally "slated"? Well, even then you need not despair. With a little practice, you will learn the art of manufacturing an attractive advertisement column from the most unpromising material. Let me give you a brief example of the method:

## I.—THE RAW MATERIAL.

"MR. PENWIPER's latest production, *Maria's Marriage*, scarcely calls for serious notice. It seems hard to believe that even the most tolerant reader will contrive to study with attention a work of which every page contains glaring errors of taste. Humour, smartness and interest are all conspicuously wanting."

—The Thunderer.

"This book is undeniably third-rate—dull, badly-written, incoherent; in fine, a dismal failure."—The Wigwag.

"If *Maria's Marriage* has any real merit, it is as an object-lesson to aspiring authors. Here, we would say to them, is a striking example of the way in which romance should not be written. Set yourself to produce a work exactly its opposite in every particular, and the chances are that you will produce, if not a masterpiece, at least, a tale free from the most glaring faults. For the terrible warning thus afforded by his volume to budding writer, Mr. PENWIPER deserves to be heartily thanked."—Daily Telephone.

"*Maria's Marriage* is another book that we have received in the course of the month."—The Parachute.

## II.—THE RESULT.

*Maria's Marriage!* *Maria's Marriage!*  
Gigantic Success—The Talk of London.

The 29th Edition will be issued this week if the sale of twenty-eight previous



## A NEW YEAR'S AMENDMENT ACT.

Aunt. "NOW, BOB, THIS IS THE TIME WHEN WE ALL OF US FIRMLY RESOLVE TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, AND THROW ASIDE OUR OLD BAD HABITS AND CULTIVATE GOOD ONES. SO YOUR UNCLE AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND NOT TO SMOKE ANY MORE CIGARETTES."

Young Hopeful (carefully keeping his latest purchase out of sight). "YES, AUNT."

ones makes this necessary. Each edition is strictly limited!

*Maria's Marriage!*

The voice of the Press is simply unanimous. Read the following extracts—taken almost at random from the reviews of leading papers.

"MR. PENWIPER's latest production . . . calls for serious notice . . . the reader will . . . study with attention a work of which every page contains taste, humour, smartness and interest!"—The Thunderer.

"Undeniably . . . fine!"—The Wigwag.

"Has . . . real merit . . . an object-lesson . . . a striking example of the way in which romance . . . should be written. A masterpiece . . . free from faults."

Mr. PENWIPER deserves to be heartily thanked!"—Daily Telephone.

"The book . . . of the month!"—The Parachute, etc., etc.

*Maria's Marriage!* A veritable Triumph! Order it from your Bookseller to-day!



That, my dear JONES, is how the trick is done. I hope to give you some further hints on a future occasion.

A. C. D.

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE KNIGHT?

A plaint of Poets Untitled.

[The studied exclusion of the name of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN from the list of New Year Knights is supposed to have aroused much indignation in the breast of Mr. SWAN-BONE, at Putney. The following lines attempt to give expression to a sentiment that reflects great credit on the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*.]

WHEN the cooling of cosmos began  
With a sprinkling of spots on the sun,  
At the primal commencement of man,  
When the winds and the waters were one;  
From the dawn of the dallying years  
There came of the travail of Time,  
Harmony fished from the spheres,  
Rhyme and the making of rhyme.  
And the nine-fold heavenly brood,  
Bred in Olympian air,  
Gave us ambrosial food  
And to browse on the following fare:—

Mirth that is misery's pillow,  
And grief, the bolster of mirth;  
Boom of the earth-sick billow,  
Ache of the sea-sick earth;  
Lips that are drunk with laughter,  
Fulness that frets for more,  
Wisdom that follows after  
The wassail that went before;  
Beauty that breaks at a breath,  
Love that is louder than strife;  
Life, the cousin of death,  
And death, the ditto of life.

In the subsequent age of gold,  
Ere the savour of life went wrong,  
When the passions of men took mould  
From the hand of the Maker of Song;  
On the wings of the North and the South  
White-hot on the quest they came,  
And the truths that dropped from his  
Fell on their hearts like flame. [mouth  
Ivy was lashed to his locks,  
Of pearls was his robe inwrought,  
Gaily the fatted ox  
Yielded him food for thought.  
Sovereign of kings he sat  
And sang to the lords of the isles,  
By day on a gem-strewn mat,  
By night on the star-struck tiles.

He sang of the dregs of desire,  
Of sin and the issue of sin,  
Of the wealth that his wandering lyre  
Had won, and was worthy to win;  
Till the feasters were faint in the chest,  
And the voice of the waiters was dumb,  
And you heard in the course of a rest  
The crash of a decadent crumb!

England! What of the gold,  
Of the fine gold rotting to rust?  
What of your heart grown cold  
And the eyes of you dimmed with dust?  
Where now are the spoils of the bard,  
Carbuncles brave on his breast,  
Myrrh and emulsion of nard  
For the frenzy and fringe of his crest?  
What of the deference done  
To the builder of bounteous rhymes

In the young year's honours that run  
To a column or so of the *Times*?  
Science and service of State,  
Trade and the treatment of bile,  
Power for the parish-debate,  
Nerve for the damming of Nile—  
Hence are the sheer heights sealed  
By virtue that keeps to the path,  
But never a poet has nailed  
Even the boon of a Bath!

To the feet that are feathered to follow  
The song-god's fluttering shift,  
Empty is fame and hollow  
Earth that comes with a gift;  
But he that fashions his lays  
No nearer the Muse's lap  
Than the hall where he hangs his bays  
When he washes at CARLTON'S tap—  
AUSTIN, what of the Knight?  
Heavy with hope deferred,  
When will he solace our sight,  
Panoplied, plumed, and spurred?

Give me no guerdon of mortals!  
Zeus-gotten and cherished of Zeus,  
I fling their pay to the portals  
Hound-bound of the nethermost deuce;  
With a hitch to my Bacchanal's wreath,  
I mock at the titles of man,  
When at Putney aloof on the Heath  
I can prance to the pipings of Pan!

O. S.



## THE DREAM OF THE STATISTICIAN.

TOTTERUP had not been feeling well lately. Perhaps the long series of magazine articles, written at somewhat high pressure, was responsible for it. But he had finished with them for the present, and as he got into bed that evening he resolved to have a good rest from all numerical calculations.

He spent an uncomfortable night, however. Visions of the little black-and-white diagrams with which he used to illustrate his articles danced before his eyes. The dotted lines and shaded portions pursued him relentlessly, until nature at last succumbed to the influence of Morpheus.

He awoke feeling refreshed, and began to dress leisurely. He was a methodical man and always arranged his personal belongings on the dressing-table overnight. This made it all the more strange that he could not find his tie-clip that morning. However, he finished his toilet and went downstairs. Meeting the housemaid on the way, he asked her if she had seen the tie-clip anywhere about.

"Oh, please, Sir, a gentleman called for it last night; but you were so fast asleep,

I fetched it out of your room without waking you. He said he must have it."

"A gentleman called for my tie-clip!"  
"Yes, Sir. He was from the Admiralty, I think. He said something about it being required for the defence of the Nation."

TOTTERUP stared at the girl for a moment. Then there came into his mind the recollection of his earlier articles; he had touched on the amount of metal employed each year in the construction of tie-clips. It had also called attention to the fact that this same amount of metal would equip a fleet of war vessels. So the Government were going to put his calculations to the test. Well, this was fame!

He entered the dining-room. Breakfast was his favourite meal. His landlady was one of those few persons who can cook bacon, and there was a large dish of it on the table. But TOTTERUP was unusually hungry that morning, so he rang the bell. The landlady answered it in person.

"Mrs. MUGGRIDGE," he observed, "I should like a couple of boiled eggs."

"I'm very sorry, Sir, but there are no eggs to be had for love or money just now."

"Why, this is just the season for them!"

"Well, Sir I can only say what I'm told. Every egg, new-laid or stale, in the United Kingdom is wanted for the Straits of Dover."

Once again, something impelled TOTTERUP to recall his statistical works. Yes, he remembered it clearly now. He certainly had made the statement that the number of eggs laid by British hens would be sufficient, in a certain time, to completely fill up the Straits of Dover. So this, too, was being put to the test. Supposing he had not been quite accurate in his calculations!

He finished his breakfast with toast and marmalade. Then putting on his hat and coat he wandered out. He turned into Oxford Street, and crossed the road. As he did so, he stumbled over something in the roadway. Stooping down, he picked up a novel. He was glancing through it when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder.

"Now then, Sir, please put that back where you found it."

TOTTERUP looked at the constable, and then at the ground. To his astonishment, he noticed that the whole of the roadway was covered with works of fiction, packed closely together. The volume he held in his hand had somehow got dislodged, for there was a gap at his feet that it fitted into.

"It's the County Council," remarked the policeman, in answer to TOTTERUP's appealing glance. "Some bloke in the papers has been pointing out that 'London could be paved with novels from Shepherd's Bush to Mile End'; so they're



trying it instead of wood. All this year's books."

With a wild light in his eyes, TOTTERUP started walking down the path of fiction Citywards. He stopped at his news-agent's to get a paper.

"None on sale, Sir," said the man. "All being bought up by the Hastronomer-Royal. 'E says as 'ow the daily papers will reach to the moon in time, if they pile 'em up; at least, that's what some writer chap tells 'im. So 'e's trying to make 'em as helevating as Dr. PARKER even could 'ave wished."

TOTTERUP paused for a moment; then hailing a hansom, he dashed off to his fiancée's address. He was shown up into the drawing-room and found her tying up a brown-paper parcel, which she presented to him without a word.

"What is it, dear?" he gasped.

"Only my engagement ring and a few of your presents to me. You know, in that last article of yours on the different ages at which people get married, you point out that the majority of unhappy marriages take place between females of from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age and males of thirty to thirty-two. As I am four-and-twenty and you are just thirty-one, it would be criminal if we continued to be engaged."

"But, my dearest EVANGELINE!"

"Not a word. Your calculations are always so correct and clear."

She disappeared through a door at the end of the room. TOTTERUP dashed after her, came in violent contact with the door handle, and—awoke!

#### POEMS FOR THE MILLION.

[A serial has been issued consisting entirely of verse.]

O MINOR bards, in numbers vast,  
Who "want of space" so often curse,  
Take heart of grace, here is at last  
A periodical all verse.

With "copy" editors unkind  
(The poet scornors) you pursue;  
The whole fair field you here will find  
One poet's corner, all for you.

Ah! but if all who thus aspire  
Must in its pages find a home,  
Each monthly issue would require  
Encyclopædias, tome on tome.

Yet, if our minor poets all  
Would only each one copy buy,  
What other periodical  
Could with its circulation vie?

#### A DAINTY DILEMMA.

IN rapture I gazed,  
Neither manners nor duty  
Could save me from being  
Absorbed in her beauty.



#### THOSE BRUTAL BROTHERS!

Cissy (joining in at a check). "HALLO, TOMMY! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

Tommy. "YES—THAT'S THE WORST OF HUNTING WITH HARRIERS. ONE CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE WOMEN!"

Oh, if I could tell her!  
My eye—gallant rover,  
Her beautiful face  
Travelled over and over.  
Should I tell her—and lose  
Her affection for ever?  
Could I utter the words  
That us two might disserve?  
She is raising her eyes!—  
Those translucent pools  
In whose depths have drowned  
Many wise men and fools.

Oh, pity my plight!  
To court her disdain,  
And never to look  
On her beauty again.  
For if she should frown—  
Ah, pity my plight!

My heaven made hell,  
My day turned to night!  
Oh, faintly I fought  
And fainter. Oh, love,  
The syllables softly  
To utter I strove.  
But I was so powerless,  
Tongue-tied and stupid:  
If only MARCONI  
Had studied with Cupid!  
In a burst of despair,  
Knowing well all was lost,  
I determined to speak;  
And I said—at what cost!—  
At the risk of destroying  
Her wonderful pose,  
"There's such a big smut  
On the bridge of your nose!"

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

## CHAPTER IV.

(The gay and busy meet—Ladies in the lead—the Hunt breakfast—The flattering of Fred Dickinson.)

AND now you are at the meet. Is there a more cheerful and inspiring sight in the world than this gay confusion of high-mettled horses with their gallant riders bright in their scarlet coats, their white breeches, their polished top-boots and their shining hats, or more sober but not less workmanlike in the darker hues of mufti? Here, too, are the ladies, noble figures of horsewomen, sure but easy of seat, light-handed and glowing with health. You are a youngster, and, like other youngsters, you probably think women a feeble folk doomed to be guided and controlled and kept in subjection by such stalwart, brave, and sagacious creatures as yourself. But wait a bit till the old fox has broken covert, and the hounds, responsive to the huntsman's "Yoick!" are settled on his track. They run fast, and the country is not of the easiest. There are banks and ditches that call for all a rider's skill and courage; a little further on is a brook, not too narrow, and with a hard take-off; then we dash through a covert, ears open for the faltering music of the hounds, now checking for a moment, now pelting along the rides with right arm ready to ward off the low hanging branches; then out again into the open—a grass country with a stiff line of posts and rails. Some have been pounded at a bank, some have come to ruin at the brook; others have gone astray in the wood, or have displayed an excessive cunning in skirting it in the wrong direction; now one or two refuse at the first post and rails. Crash goes ADOLPHUS WINTER-SIDE; his horse is blown, and has misjudged his jump. His horse pecks on landing, pulls himself together pecks again and rolls over, and, lo, the once immaculate ADOLPHUS becomes a muddy chaos, his hat battered into the likeness of an ancient concertina, and all the pride gone out of him. But far ahead, ever in the first flight with the boldest riders, behold Miss MIRABEL, that airy, dainty young woman over whom ADOLPHUS was prepared to extend his protection and patronage. She is well mounted: every hunting girl must have a good horse, but a good horse is not enough. Nerve and skill and firmness and judgment are wanted, and all these she has. Nothing daunts her; she takes her own line, and asks no man to lead her. She never stops a crowd by bungling with a gate, or attempts absurd feats of jumping when there is a quicker, a safer, and an easier way. She is bold; but she spares her horse over the heavy land, and lets him feel his speed—but not too much—over the springy turf, and when, with a final rush and a fierce concentration, the hounds run into their quarry, I warrant she will not be far away. When you come panting and pounding up a few minutes later, you will have learnt that, with all her soft and pretty ways and

her delicate complexion, Miss MIRABEL has nothing to learn from your own strong sex in the matter of riding to hounds.

But see whither the ardour of the chase has carried me. We have hardly arrived at the meet, and already have I carried you at breakneck speed from a find to a check, from a check to a view, from a view to a death in the morning. Let us hark back a bit, and take things more easily.

You are to suppose, then, that we are at an invitation meet, and that breakfast has been laid out in the spacious hall of Elvaston Manor, the home of Squire WILBRAHAM, one of the mainstays of our hunt. A few of the older fellows have gone in and made a pretence of toying with ham, or galantine, or cold pheasant to the accompaniment of a glass of champagne or a tankard of ale, or a go of cherry brandy. Outside, the rest of the riders have had their glass, the hunt servants guarding the wise and friendly hounds in the adjoining paddock have had their drain of beer, the Squire and the farmers on their honest serviceable nags have exchanged hearty greetings—everybody is in the highest spirits, and tongues are wagging freely. I advise you not to say too much, and not to be critical. Rather admire where you can honestly do so; if not, keep silent. But it is so easy to admire and to gratify. Try the plan on FRED DICKINSON, as thus—

"By Jupiter, FRED, that's a good-looking horse you're on; Where did you get him?"

"Bought him from a chap in Ireland. Only got him over last week."

"I bet you had to pay a stiff price."

"Not a bit. Eighty, including all expenses of getting him here."

"Well, you have got a bargain. I never saw a better cut of horse for pace and jumping. His quarters are magnificent."

In this simple interchange of sentences you have flattered FRED's judgment of a horse and his skill as a bargainer, and

in the most delicate way you've made him a warm friend. Later on, you'll overhear him saying to the Squire, "Doosid pleasant young chap, that LIGHTFOOT; rides as straight as a line, and knows a thing or two about a horse." So easily are the great conciliated.

## CHESS À LA MILITAIRE.

(As played in the game of War.)

RED advances ten miles by rail in the direction of White's rear guard.

White retires twenty guns and sixty squadrons by a night march in echelon.

Red forges round with thirty thousand mounted men, cutting off White's retreat.

White seizes a mountain pass and blows up twenty bridges.

Red brings up guns, cavalry and stores and gives check.

White surrenders.



## "FOG SIGNALS."

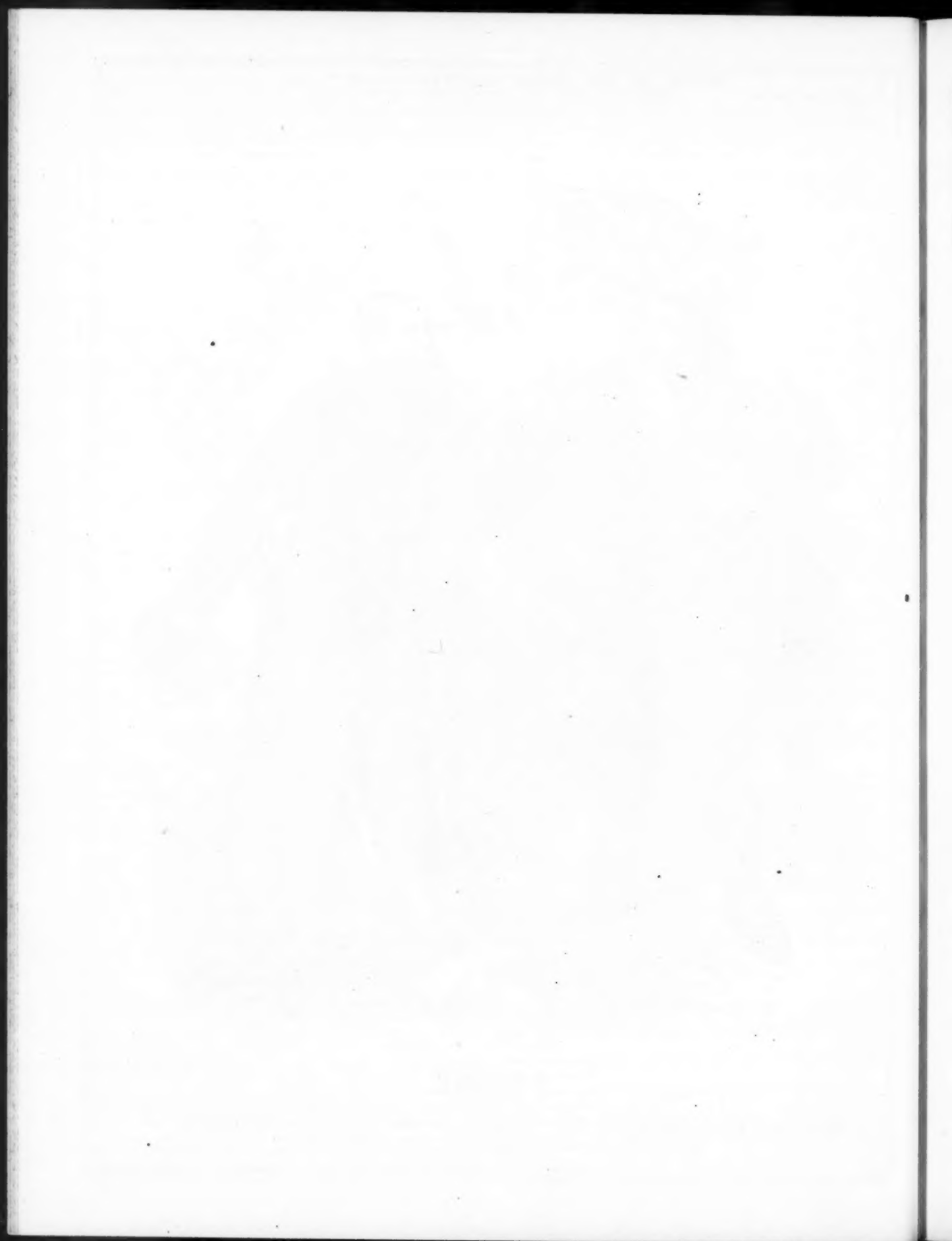
(A Hint to the Asthmatical.)



### URGENT.

GENERAL LORD K-TCH-N-R (to MR. JOHN BULL). "IF YOU WANT THIS BUSINESS QUICKLY FINISHED YOU MUST GIVE ME MORE HORSES, AND MEN TO RIDE THEM."





## TARTARIN A BRIGHTON.

## L'ARRIVÉE.

La gare de Brighton était déserte. Sous le ciel blafard, et à travers la brume de mer, on voyait à peine une dizaine de personnes qui attendaient l'arrivée de l'express. C'était le dimanche.

Soudain le train arrive. Les portières s'ouvrent, les facteurs accourent, sur tout le quai on se bouscule, on se presse, on cherche ses bagages, ses amis. Tout d'un coup une voix terrible pousse ce cri, "Facteur!"

Sur le marchepied du wagon-salon un gros homme barbu s'arrête. Il a l'air marin. Il porte un pantalon bleu foncé, très large au dessous des genoux, et cachant de petits souliers vernis; un col marin gigantesque, en toile bleu pâle, rabattu sur les épaules au dessus d'un vaste *mackintosh* en toile cirée, qui laisse voir une ceinture en soie rouge; et un chapeau de paille à larges bords, sur le ruban duquel on distingue ces mots *H.M.S. Terrible*. Un sifflet et un couteau pendus au cou par une grosse corde, une longue-vue à la main, deux pistolets et un coutelas fourrés dans la ceinture, complètent l'équipement de ce parfait *yachtman*.

Les paisibles voyageurs, *citys-mans*, négociants, avocats, artistes de théâtre, usuriers, *books-makers*, s'arrêtent effarés. Les facteurs s'enfuient. Mais derrière le gros marin, ce pirate à l'air doux et bienveillant, on entend murmurer une petite voix, "Maître, j'ai cherché le mot dans mon dictionnaire, et j'ai trouvé *portaire*." "Vai, PASCALON," répond le marin, "pas du tout. Ça, c'est une bière, le *portaire-palal*." Et, brandissant la longue-vue, il crie encore plus fort "Facteur!"

Les actrices, poussant des cris d'effroi, se jettent dans les bras des *citys-mans*. Les acteurs, se rappelant les gestes des guerriers de l'antiquité, se cachent derrière leurs parapluies, tenus en boucliers à la main gauche. Ils attendent le combat, leurs cannes à la main droite, une phalange inattaquable.

Mais un gros négociant, poussé par ses camarades, s'approche du wagon-salon. "Bardon," dit-il en excellent français de Berlin, "bardon, fous foulez oune facteur, bas frai?" "Pardi, monsieur," répond le marin, "voilà deux fois que je le demande. Et autrement il nous faut une voiture, au moins."

La-dessus l'Allemand fait signe à un facteur. "Fly, Sir?" dit ce dernier. "PASCALON," fit le brave *yachtman*, "qu'est-ce qu'il demande?" "Je cherche," répond la petite voix; "ça veut dire, 'volez, monsieur,' si je ne me trompe pas." "Volez," crie le terrible loup de mer, furibond, "suis-je voleur, moi, TARTARIN de Tarascon?" Et il prononce ces derniers mots d'un accent si effroyable, que les comédiennes se blottissent

encore plus étroitement contre les richissimes *citys-mans*. "Non, maître," continue la petite voix, "ce n'est pas voler comme les voleurs, mais voler comme les oiseaux." "Pardi!" crie TARTARIN, "suis-je oiseau, moi? C'est un fou, au moins." "Bardon," dit l'Allemand, "bas foler. Oune fly est oune foiture, oune betit foiture." "Té, vé," répond l'aimable pirate, "va pour la petite voiture! Et prenez-ça," dit-il au facteur, en lui remettant entre les mains une assez grande

caisse, "mais très soigneusement. C'est ma boussole." Et la-dessus il descend.

Suivi de PASCALON, du commandant BRAVIDA, et de GONZAGUE BOMPARD, TARTARIN traverse le quai, et monte en voiture.

Les autres Tarasconnais sont habillés d'une façon plus simple. BRAVIDA porte une redingote et un feutre mou; PASCALON a mis un complet de flanelle blanche et un chapeau haut de forme; BOMPARD s'est vêtu à l'anglaise, *knickerbockers*, bas rayés jaune et vert, *mackfarlane* couleur *khakhi*, et petite casquette de voyage, tout ce qu'il y a de plus anglais, un véritable *Anglischman* comme on en voit à Paris.

Les actrices, lorsqu'elles aperçoivent les méridionaux de si près, ne craignent plus. Elles pensent même que c'est peut-être quelque prince, accompagné de sa suite, qui arrive de ce pays lointain et mystérieux qu'on appelle "à l'étranger." Ça veut dire tant de choses. La Russie, le Pérou, la Hongrie, les Indes, tout ça c'est "à l'étranger," où l'on parle une langue qui n'est pas anglais, où l'on s'habille d'une façon bizarre, et où l'on est riche—ah, si riche!—diamants, rubis, perles, on les trouve tous "à l'étranger." Par conséquent ces petites dames ne s'effrayent plus; elles osent même regarder TARTARIN, et sourire discrètement. Et ce diable d'homme, qui voit tout, les regarde gaillardement, en héros maritime, amiral monténégrin peut-être, prince "à l'étranger" pour sûr.

H. D. B.



## VERY DIPLOMATIC.

Customer (trying on new hat, to Assistant). "DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF IT?"

Assistant (in tone of absolute conviction with a note of admiration in it). "OH, NO, MA'AM! WITH SUCH A PROFILE AS YOURS, YOU CAN STAND ANYTHING!"

## FLASHES FROM THE PLANETS.

(Latest Electrical Development.)

Venus.—The sun still flickering. Expected to go out altogether within the next few centuries.

Mars.—Very pleased with Mr. HAWTREY. Can see him at the Avenue.

Jupiter.—Light very feeble. Cannot Earth kindly oblige with the use of an extra moon?

Saturn.—Will any planet offer satellites in exchange for a worn-out belt?

Uranus.—A happy New Century to everyone.

Neptune.—Please repeat message. Can't quite make out what you are saying.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a high tribute to the anonymous writer of *An English-woman's Love-Letters* (JOHN MURRAY) that its readers are forthwith resolved into rival camps, one averring that the letters are genuine, the other recognising in them the hand of a practised writer. My Baronite dwells with the latter community. Not the least clever part of a rarely clever book is what is called "Explanation." Study of style discloses the fact that it is written by the same hand that penned the letters. The only argument in favour of the theory of actuality, is that the person to whom the correspondence purports to be addressed is the very kind of fellow who would be disposed to turn an honest penny by selling the originals to an enterprising publisher. There is not, through the nearly ninety letters, a single sentence devoted to description either of the man or his mother. But with subtle art the writer manages to convey a clear idea of these shadowy players in her plot. We know the mother, narrow-minded, hard-hearted, wilful, arbitrary, selfish in her attachment to her son. And him, a weak, vacillating creature, who, rather than suffer household rows, breaks the heart of a loving woman. It is a new way of accomplishing the old work of novel-writing, not to be recommended to the commonality since it requires rare gifts amounting to genius. Nothing so pitiful, so pathetic, for pure literary style so attractive, has been written for a long time.



In the leisure of a recess and the labour of a Winter Session, Mr. IAN MALCOLM has compiled a *Calendar of Empire* (BLACKWOOD). His idea is to enter under proper dates certain historical events in the way of births and deaths, great legislative acts, and decisive battles by land and sea. For each he draws from extensive reading a more or less appropriate quotation. It is, perhaps, difficult to understand how one who can appreciate BURKE, CANNING, CLARENDON, TENNYSON, MEREDITH, and other masters, displays decided weakness for the noisy vapouring of W. E. HENLEY; redolent of the martial ecstasy of the music-hall before the bill for drinks round comes in. In one of several quotations from that quarter is found the quaint couplet:

Through his diurnal round of dawns,  
Our drum-tap squires the sun.

My Baronite prefers the older version of the same boast about "the Empire on which the sun never sets." However, certain pages can be skipped, and there remain many of pleasant reading.



MARK RUTHERFORD, going over his desk, has collected a series of stray papers, which FISHER UNWIN publishes under the title *Pages from a Journal*. They widely vary in topic, from CARLYLE to JUDAS ISCARIOT, from SPINOZA to Sir WALTER SCOTT, with some notes on MILTON, and reflections on the morality of BYRON's poetry. Finally, M. R. throws in half-a-dozen short stories, the whole making an attractive book. My Baronite finds the introductory article describing a visit to CARLYLE in 1868, not the least interesting. It is striking, in

this backwater of the Transvaal War, to read how, more than thirty years ago, CARLYLE said, "The English people are an incredible people. They seem to think it is not necessary that a General should have the least knowledge of the art of war." What does General N. or M. (as the case may be), of South African campaigning, say to that?



Mr. FITCHETT had a happy thought when it occurred to him to rescue from undeserved oblivion a cluster of soldierly autobiographies, to give some pictures of famous battles, not as described by the historian or analysed by the philosopher, but as seen by the eyes of men who fought in them. The plan of campaign was, my Baronite remembers, in operation when KINGLAKE wrote his history of the Crimea. Phases of all the great battles are therein described, often in the very words of privates and officers who took part in them. In *Wellington's Men* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. FITCHETT roams through famous battle-fields, from Torres Vedras to Waterloo, and, culling from a multitude of books, presents moving pictures drawn by hands that laid down gun or pike to take up the pen.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## TURKEY IN EUROPE.

[Attention has been called to the fact that the ruins of the ancient Ionian City of Magnesia on the Mæander, which were laid open by the German Professors KARL HUMANN and Baron HILLER about a decade ago, have since been partially demolished by the head architect of the Turkish Province of Smyrna, a Polish engineer named BARONOVSKI. In 1895 he had the temple of Zeus pulled down, and used the large marble stones for the construction of a mosque at Smyrna and of a bridge over the Mæander.—*The Standard*.]

WHERE were thy thunders, Zeus, when this dull fool,

Not reverencing thine old, time-ruined halls,

Pillaged the city thou wast wont to rule

And tore the marble from thy temple walls?

All silent! Not one peal broke from the cloud

To fright this impious robber from thy shrine

Thy glory is departed, thy head bowed,

And the Turk rules the lands that once were thine,

Therefore we should have let thy temple lie

Buried beneath the dust, unknown, unseen,

Far down, where no Barbarian Pasha's eye

Could mark the spot nor know where thou hadst been.

But we revealed thy secret and thy stones

Cry out against us from Mæander's flood,

While round the bridge they build the sad stream moans

To see thee fallen, knowing thee a god.

Thy stream is slow, Mæander, thy heart cold,

Or thou wouldst rise in mountainous spate and sweep

Bridge, Pasha, in one common ruin rolled,

Before thy wrath and drown them in the deep!

Strange that great Zeus himself could not prevail

Nor all the gods of this Ionian land,

To save their old Hellenic citadel,

And stay this Polish dog's destroying hand!

Could they not? Then, indeed, the gods are dead!

But Europe lives. Let it be Europe's work

To hold above their shrines her ægis dread,

And save the gods of Hellas from the Turk!





*Old Lady (giving a very diminutive nip of Whisky to her Gardener). "THERE, DENNIS, THAT WHISKY IS TWENTY YEARS OLD!"*  
*Dennis. "IS IT THAT, MARM? SURE 'TIS MIGHTY SMALL FOR ITS AGE!"*

## DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

## II.

EVERYBODY who has seen SHERIDAN'S play *The Critic* must have been filled with curiosity to read the Press notices on Mr. PUFF'S tragedy *The Spanish Armada*. The following sequel to SHERIDAN'S comedy embodies some of these. As the play is called *The Critic*, the sequel may fitly be called—

## THE OTHER CRITICS.

SCENE.—DANGLE'S house. Mr. and Mrs. DANGLE, SNEER and Sir FRETFUL PLAGIARY discovered discussing the first performance of PUFF'S play, which has taken place a week previously. A table is littered with Press cuttings dealing with the event, supplied by the indispensable Romeike.

Sir Fretful Plagiary. I give you my word, the duel scene was taken wholly from my comedy *The Lovers Abandoned*—pilfered, egad!

Dangle. Bless my soul! You don't say so?

Sir F. And TILBURINA'S speech about the "finches of the grove." 'Twas I first thought of finches, in my tragedy of *Antoninus*!

Dangle. But I can't believe my friend PUFF can have borrowed deliberately from you, Sir FRETFUL.

Sneer. No one could possibly believe that!

Sir F. Eh?

Mrs. Dangle. It must have been a coincidence.

Sir F. Coincidence! Egad, Madam, 'twas sheer theft. And that use of the white handkerchief! Stolen bodily, on my conscience. Coincidence!

Dangle (judicially). It may be so—though he is my friend.

Sir F. May be so! It is so! Zounds, DANGLE, I take it very unfriendly of you to have any doubt at all about the matter!

Dangle (hedging). The resemblances are certainly very marked—though he is my friend. But will you hear what the critics say about it?

[Turning nervously to pile of Press cuttings.]

Sir F. Do they say anything about his indebtedness to me?

Sneer. Not a word, I dare be sworn.

Sir F. Then I don't want to hear them. None of the rogues know their business.

Dangle. But they're very severe on the play.

Sir F. Are they? There's something in the fellows, after all. Pray read us some of the notices.

Dangle. Shall I begin with *The Times*? 'Tis very satirical, and as full of quotations as a pudding is of plums.

Sneer. I know the style—a vocabulary recruited from all the dead and living

languages. 'Tis the very Babel of dramatic criticism. Begin, DANGLE.

Dangle (reading). "The philosopher who found in thought the proof of existence, crystallised his theory in the phrase '*Cogito ergo sum*,' 'I think, therefore, I exist.' In this he found the explanation of what HUGO called the *néant géant*. The theory of the author of *The Spanish Armada*, on the contrary, seems to be '*Sum, ergo non cogitabo*,' 'I exist, therefore I need not think'—"

Sir F. Ha! Ha! Very good, i' faith.

Dangle (continuing). "*Lasciate ogni speranza*—the audience murmurs with DANTE, as three mortal hours pass and Mr. PUFF is still prosing. Nor has he any dramatic novelty to offer us. The *scène à faire* is on conventional lines. The boards are hoar with the *neiges d'antan*. There is the *anagnorisis* desiderated by ARISTOTLE, and the unhappy ending required by the Elizabethans. The inevitable *peripeteia*—"

Mrs. D. You know, Mr. DANGLE, I don't understand a single word you're reading.

Sneer. Nor I, upon my soul.

Sir F. It is certainly somewhat obscure.

Dangle. Shall I omit a few sentences, and go on again where the allusions are less plentiful? (Reads half aloud to himself, knitting his brows in the effort to understand what it is all about.) No trace of HEINE'S *Weltschmerz* . . . *capo e spada* . . . NIETSCHE'S *Uebermensch* . . . *ne coram pueris* . . . PETRARCH'S immortal *Io t'amo* . . . *le canif du jardinier et celui de mon père*—"

Mrs. Dangle. Really, Mr. DANGLE, if you can find nothing more intelligible to read than that farrago of jargon, I shall go away. Pray read us something in English, for a change.

Dangle (much relieved, selecting another cutting). Here's the *Daily Telegraph*—a whole column.

Sneer. Not much English there, I'll warrant.

Dangle (reading). "Time was when the London playhouses had not been invaded by the coarse suggestiveness or the veiled indelicacy of the Norwegian stage, when *Pater-familias* could still take his daughters to the theatre without a blush. Those days are past. The Master—as his followers call him—like a deadly upas tree, has spread his blighting influence over our stage. Morality, shocked at the fare that is nightly set before her, shuns the playhouse and vice usurps the scene once occupied by the manly and the true—"

Sneer (who has been beating time). Hear! hear!

Dangle. "In the good old days, when MACREADY—"

Sir F. Zounds, Mr. DANGLE, don't you think we might leave MACREADY out of the question? I notice that when the *Daily Telegraph* mentions MACREADY the reference never occupies less than a

quarter of a column. You might omit that part, and take up the thread further on.

Dangle. Very well. (Continuing) "It is impossible not to be astonished that a writer of Mr. PUFF'S talents should break away from the noble traditions of SHAKESPEARE to follow in the footsteps of the Scandinavian—"

Mrs. Dangle. Surely, Mr. DANGLE, we've had that before.

Dangle (testily). No; not in the same words.

Mrs. Dangle. But the sense—

Dangle. Egad, why will you interrupt! You can't expect a writer for the penny press to have something new to say in every sentence! How the plaguo is a dramatic critic who has nothing to say to fill a column, if he is never to be allowed to repeat himself?

Sneer. How, indeed!

Sir F. Ah, I remember when my play *The Indulgent Husband* was produced—

Sneer (yawning). I think, DANGLE, you might leave the *Telegraph* and try one of the weekly papers. What does *The World* say?

Dangle. As you will (selecting a new cutting). "In his new play *The Spanish Armada* Mr. PUFF has set himself to deal with one of those problems of feminine psychology with which IBSEN, HAUPTMANN, and SUPERMANN, and all the newer school of continental dramatists have made us familiar. The problem is briefly this. When filial duty beckons a woman one way and passion another, which call should she obey? Should she set herself to 'live her life' in the modern phrase, to realise her individuality and stand forth glad and free as GREGER'S WERLE says? Or should she deny her ego, bow to the old conventions, accept the old Shibboleths and surrender her love? Like *Nora*, like *Hedda*, *Tilburina* is a personality at war with its environment . . . ."

Sir F. (interrupting). Pray, Mr. DANGLE, did you not tell me the critics were all unfavourable to Mr. PUFF'S play?

Dangle. Nearly all of them. But if the other critics abuse a play, you will always find the critic of *The World* will praise it. 'Tis the nature of the man.

Sir F. But how does he know what the other fellows will say?

Dangle. Easily. You see, he writes only for a weekly paper and always reads what the others have said first. Then he takes the opposite view.

Sneer. No wonder he's so often right!

Dangle (continuing). "In WHISKERANDOS we have the man of primary emotions only: Like SOLNES, he climbs no steeples, like LÖVBORG, he may now and then be seen with the vine leaves in his hair . . ."

Mrs. Dangle. Stop, stop, Mr. DANGLE. Surely there must be some mistake. I don't remember that WHISKERANDOS had anything in his hair. He wore a helmet all the time!

Dangle (irritably). Metaphor, madam, metaphor! (Continuing) "In Lord BURLEIGH we hear something of the epic silence which is so tremendous in BORKMAN . . . ."

Sir F. Egad, Mr. DANGLE, doesn't the fellow abuse the play at all?

Dangle (looking through the article.) I don't think he does.

Sir F. Then I'll hear no more of him. What possible pleasure can there be in hearing criticisms of other people's plays if they aren't abusive.

Sneer. None whatever!

[Enter Servant.

Servant (announcing). Mr. PUFF!

Dangle (advancing to meet him with a smile of the warmest affability). Ah, my dear friend, we were reading the notice of your tragedy in *The World*. 'Tis extremely friendly. And as Sir FRETFUL remarked a moment since "What pleasure can there be in reading criticisms of people's plays if they aren't favourable."

Puff. Sir FRETFUL is most obliging.

Sir F. The *Telegraph* was somewhat severe, though, eh, Mr. PUFF?

Puff. 'Tis very like.

Dangle. You have not seen it? Let me read it to you (searches eagerly in file of cuttings).

Puff (indifferently). I never look at unfavourable criticisms.

Sneer. A wise precaution, truly!

Puff. Very. It saves valuable time. For if a notice is unfavourable, I am always sure to have it read aloud to me by one d-d good-natured friend or another!

[Curtain.

#### DIE-ARY OF A JANUARY FLY.

EH? Summer? Can't be: but too hot to sleep—had regular nightspider. Perhaps digestion out of order; must take some liver dust—capital remedy, and fortunately plenty on this cornice. Ah! that's better, but still strangely stiff in the leg. Wonder if I could skate on that rink—tut! tut! old chap's head; narrow escape—eyesight must be faulty. Wonder if that dust was genuine Carpet Beaters. Is this jam? It is. Not as nice as in my young days, but refreshing to get it on one's feet once more. Better polish them on this melon—dear me! same old chap's head—very awkward—and he almost hit me; certain I'm less observant than I was. Can't be mistaken about custard anyhow, but one seems to slip in farther than quite natural; got it all over my back; must have a wipe in the old chap's whisker—well, in the other one then—tut! tut! at any rate can take a crawl in his ear-hole. Confound these sldgety humans! dreadful absence of repose of manner—seem quicker than they used to be, too, or am I slower. Must test this. If I can settle on his nose with impunity three times in half a minute, I shall feel



Chemist. "PILLS, EH?" (Emphasising question) "ANTI-BILIOUS!"  
Child (readily). "No, Sir; UNCLE IS!"

more comfortable about myself. Once: capital! . . . . Twice: Ha! ha! . . . . Thr . . . .

#### OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

["Dr. ANNA HATFIELD, of New York, says that kissing is a barbarous, insanitary custom. No person should kiss another without first using an antiseptic wash on the mouth to destroy bacteria."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Edwin.

I long to sip thy honey'd lip  
And drink the nectar there, love—  
A sweeter draught than bee e'er quaffed  
From flow'ry goblet fair, love.  
But though the fire of wild desire  
Consumes me, all-expectant,  
Stern Fate has crossed my will—I've  
lost,  
I've lost the disinfectant!

Angelina.

Oh, EDWIN, how could you allow  
This accident? I long, love,  
My head to rest upon your breast,  
But that were very wrong, love.  
No, though I burn and melt and yearn,  
I'll still resist, nor will I  
My love expose to risk of those  
Most murderous bacilli.  
Ed. You thought of me?  
An. Yes, who but thee?  
Ed. Oh, ANGELINA, I, too,  
Still only thought, "Suppose she  
caught  
My microbes and should die too!"  
An. The one relief to cure my grief,  
According to my notion.  
Ed. Then come, sweet fair! Let's  
greatly dare.  
Together. And mischief take the lotion!





HOW HARRY'S SON KEPT TWELFTH NIGHT.